# 

A Romance With a Strange Hero of the Battling Breed

### ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Concret has fought his way up from the to the Presidency of the U. G. and X. I. He and his henduman, Calne, have his homitment, Caine, have oly in "Steekold," massling a less headed by one Blacords, of Desirie Sherlin, a beautiful cos and for whom he bellerus serel; patenni, Desires is the history of the standard of the beautiful the guitter and more borish it. Through various doubtful for Louise alone is loyal by a him to take a wantion—the old hold here at a camp in the abe is various at a camp in the abe is various at a camp in the abe is various at R. Hawarin love with her, There Caleb a engaged.

# CHAPTER XI.

lature's special session. Con- "Haven't — you — started? — For over had moved three days God's—sake—come!" lature's special session. Conearlier, to the Capital and cohorts for the charge which was for-

The price of Steelold had slumped result of the Assembly vote became known on 'Change. As to that result fore he recognized Jack Hawarden, known on 'Change. As to that result

he had not an atom of doubt. He
know his strength to the minutest degree. Blacarda had made inroads

upon his ranks, it was true; but the
breaches were unimportant. And Caleb's presence in the lobby on the
day of the vote, together with certain
highly effective secret manocuvres
which were to be put into operation again. He'll be through in a minute,
that day, would far more than offset
them. Compared to the victorious
struggle of six months earlier, he
prophesied, this second affair would
be no contest, but a rout.

"Thank Heaven you're lere!" ex"Thank Heaven you're lere!" ex"All "Thank Heaven you're lere!" exlaimed the lad, "She"—
"Yes, yes! In there," pointing to a
lossed door. "Wait!" as Caleb
reached the door at a bound. "Dr.
Bond is dressing some of her hurts
again. He'll be through in a minute,
that day, would far more than offset
them. Compared to the victorious
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The first day's session of the Assembly was given over to the usual formalities. On the morning of the second, so Conover's agent in the second, so Conover's agent in the enemy's camp reported that night, can do," answered Mr. Grant, with Blacarda intended to put forward his gentle evasion. "The local physibill, Caleb was well prepared for the issue. One thing only puzzled him.

"Local physician?" mocked Caleb.

there, to-day. An any railroad man could 'a' told him." he went on, contemptuously. "that no train either "You don't mean to biaspheme." "You are not be the clergyman. "You are not said the clergyman. "You are not be the clergyman. "You are not be the clergyman. "You are not be the clergyman. "You are not have the clergyman as a fall the clergyman. "You are not have taken effect." Thought I might to me, here will murmured.

"It she shought be here."

"The beat if when third finger, whence it hung heavy and ridicuation." "It she she was not in the other round a frager." "Thought I might to me, here." "Thought I might to dearn the part of the way have the heavy the set of the way have the have the heavy the set of the way have the have the st

the operator. Caleb, at Jack's second sentence, Caleb, at Jack's second sentence, had dropped the receiver, bolted from the hotel and hailed a night-hawk hansom. Already he was galloping through the empty streets toward the station, scribbling with unsteady hand on envelope-backs a series of orders and despatches that should assure him a clear track and a record-breaking journey from the Capital to Magdeburg. This detail arranged, his brain ceased to act. Sense of time was wiped out. So, mercifully, was realization of pain. In the cab of the road's fastest engine he crouched through the long hours of

Caleb Conover Receives News. darkness, while the wheels joited out an irritating, meaningless, sing-song refrain that ran:

was massing his legislative "The Strong Arm of Christ." CHAPTER XII.

ever to annihilate the revised Starks HE sky was gray with morning as Conover stumbled into a sitting room of the ever so little in view of the coming men turned toward him.
test. Caleb welcomed the slight drop, One of them—his arm in a sling, a that it but prejuded an unheard of great plaster patch on his forchead Doom" in the stock the moment the ried forward. Caleb looked twice be-

e that had come tiny figure—lay Desiree. Her won-The last of the derful hair flowed loose over the pilo added: low. The little face, white, pain-"Long-distance 'phone wires here drawn, yet smiling joyous welcome imporarily out of order. Will call from its great eyes, turned eagerly "Long-distance 'phone wires here temporarily out of order. Will call from its great eyes, turned eagerly you as soon as they are repaired, on toward her lover. With an effort whose anguish left her lips gray, she gone."

"Here's your party, sir," reported arranged to him. An inarticulate, sobbing cry that rent his whole body burst from the rent his whole body burst from the

off depression.

tones ground on, their despair twisted by distance into a grotesque, semiaudine squeak:

"She may not live through the heen injured in railroad smash-ups, rambled along, in observable talkative rambled along, in observable talkative in his panile," we were called away throats—or had lain senseless in thought anything else, An' I didn't from the Athlers, suddenly, by a letfrom the Athlers, suddenly, by a letqueer-shaped heaps, from the first, really. You'll be as well as ever you ter telling my mother her sister in Not one of them had been coherent, was, in a week or less. I'm havin't the destruction of them had been coherent, was, in a week or less. I'm havin't calm—yes, even cheerful—like this nurses tel'graphed for, too. The best Hampden was ill. So we all left, two calm—yes, even cheerful—like this nurses tel'graphed for, too. The best weeks earlier than we had meant worshipped little sweetheart of his, there are. An," a veritable inspiration when we got to Hampden my mother. The first shock was bringing its nor-tion crossing the brain he was rackstayed there and I started back to mai reaction to the Fighter's brain ing for further words of encourage Granite with Miss Shevlin. We took and nerves. As ever, it was impart-ment—"an' I've got a present for you the branch road, and just outside of ing to them a redoubled power to cast A dandy one. Guess what it is."

You Never Can Tell at the Folk with By Maurice Ketten



with a new spasm of pain as the jar der hand toying with the gift.
of his hand's impact shook the bed.
"Oh!" he laughed, nervously, "I was said he, "before we fit on a plain gold

As in introduced a specific proposed in the personal continues of the

"Flowers?" she asked, forcing an in-

It was after midnight when Caleb are conver returned to his room. Three more telegrams awaited him, as well as a penciled request that he call up Magdeburg Hotel on a long-distance telephone. While he was profanely waiting for the operator to establish the connection, Caleb ripped open the telegrams one after the other. All were from Jack. Each bore the same of the bend of the same of the bend on the doctor had just quitted and thunch you would. An' my hunches don't ever go wrong. I've hunches don't ever go wrong hunches don't ever go wrong. I've hunches don't ever go wrong. I've hunches don't ever go wrong. I've hunches don't ever go wrong hunches don't ever go wrong level hun

"On!" he laughed, hervously, 'I was said he, "before we fit on a plain gold so scared, gir!! So scared! It seemed ring above that! Hey?"

Ike the world was tumblin about my at his words the gir!, to his dismay, broke into a passion of tears.

"There! There!" he consoled, passion of tears.

as soon as they are repaired, on toward her lover. With an effort ears, if I'd come an' found"—

are your train may not yet have "whose anguish left her lips gray, she stretched forth her arms to him.

are your party, sir," reported perator.

and in articulate, sobbing cry that round your train who is a fraint was probably a fraud, lay once more on the girl's breast. We in other that they are repaired, on toward her lover. With an effort ears. If I'd come an' found"—

at his words that: Hey?'

There! There!' he consoled passion of tears.

"I know, dear: I know!' she told in the she spoke. "It would be terribly lone-this whole body burst from the she spoke. "It would be terribly lone-this wheelmant after your accident? I ought to 'a' had better sense than to keen your are so strong in some ways. The dear arms about the frail, tor his dis
may, broke into a passion of tears.

"There! There!' he consoled passion of tears.

"I know, dear: I know!' she told in the she spoke. "It would be terribly lone-this whole body."

and his words the girl, to his dis
may, broke into a passion of tears.

"I know, dear: I know!' she told in the she spoke. "It would be terribly lone-this whole body."

and his words that: Hey?'

I'k his words the girl, to his dis
may, broke into a passion of tears.

"I know, dear: I know!' she told in the she spoke. "I know!' she told in the she whole body. "Why, what is it, she spoke."

The dear arms about the frail, tor his dis
may, broke into a passion of tears.

"I know, dear: I know!' she told in the she whole body burst from the may, broke into a passion of tears.

"I know, dear: I know!' she told in the she whole body burst from the may, broke into a passion of tears.

"I know, dear: I know!' she told in the she whole body burst from the may, broke into a passion of tears.

"I know, dear: I know!' she told in the she who is a passion of tears.

"I know, dear: I know!' she told in the whole she who is a passio

Christmas week,

ne must feel when"---"Are you thinkin' bout what that

"Are you thinkin' bout what that preacher said?" asked Caleb, miserably, "Don't, girl' It'll be years and years before you ever need to think bout those things. A month from now we'll both laugh over the scare I had.

I had.

Your eyes get wonderfuller hill the time. Dey. I never knew quite how lovely they were till now. There's a light in 'em like they was lookin' at somethin' a common chap like me couldn't see."

She drew his head down and their lips met in a long kiss. As he raised his face he half-fancled abe whispered some word; but he could not catch its import.

Take you thinkin' bout what that preacher said?" askept her alive as less to be frank."

Caleb was eyeing him stupidly. At lit was not the wail of a weak nature vainly summoning the Lost to "Did you send those tel'grams?" he asked, and his voice was dead.

"Yes, sir," replied Hawarden. "I was not the wail of a weak nature vainly summoning the Lost to be frank."

"Yes, is the turned to Jack.

"Yes, sir," replied Hawarden. "I was not the wail of a weak nature vainly summoning the Lost to return. Rather it was the sharp force of accepted rulership rallies his set to be frank."

But I lold him it was useless," put in the doctor, "There is not a fighting chance. She will not come successfully balked, the Fighter again, an "Dey!" called the Fighter again, an "Dey!" called the Fighter again, an agony of command in his tone, "Dey! Come back!"

It was not the wail of a weak nature vainly summoning the Lost to return. Rather it was the sharp force of accepted rulership rallies his backed by a will of chilled steel and put in the doctor. "There is not a fighting chance. She will not come successfully balked, the Fighter again, an agony of command in his tone. "Dey! Come back!"

It was not the wail of a weak nature vainly summoning the Lost to return. Rather it was the sharp force of accepted rulership rallies his store of accepted rulership rather to wail of the officer who by a mentality that had never been moisture on her forchead is what you the call of

"Morpha? Sufferin'?" repeated

"I cannot thrash you in the ante-

"There has never been one hour I've forgotten it. It made me feel so safe from harm; so sure, so happy! Perhaps—yes, I'm sure—that's the way one must feel when"—
"Are you thinkin' bout what that "Are you thinkin' bout what that

here if the operation had been described to him.

ayed another two hours? On you'er The neashbored out was fighting.

The neashbored lighting. But Then, with a sheepick laugh, he men, you doctors! An now you say the flercest of his campaigns had added:

## COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD for CHRISTMAS WEEK A CHRISTMAS CAROL By CHARLES DICKENS

windpipe, glared at the madman in case, angry irresolution. Caleb's muscles "I wish," the boy added, "you would tightened ominously. The physician go in and see what you can do for recoiled a step in most unprofessional Mr. Conover. I'm afraid he has lost haste.

outer door of this suite an' pocket the key. Now go back to your patient!"

Outside, there was glaring, heartless sanishine. In the sick room stood Caleb and Jack, one on each side of the bed over which the doctor was bending. With closed eyes, Desiree Shevlin rested where Conover had laid her. For hours she had lain thus. "I can do no more," pronounced the doctor, rising and meeting Caleb's glazed eye. "The end may come now at any moment."

The Fighter, his every faculty drowned in the horrible egotism of grief, made no answer, "If only there were some one to pray!" muttered Jack, battling to keep back the tears. "I wish Mr. Grant was"—

"Pray?" echoed Caleb, rousing blue.

"She is alive!" he persisted, as the

on the 'strong arm of Christ."

"I think I know what he means," said Desiree, softly.

"H'm! Sometime when you're better I'll get you to explain it to me. I'd rather talk 'bout you, just now. D'you remember that time I sat by the fire an' held you like this while you went to sleep?"

"You lie! Don't I know"—

"You lie! Don't I k sad derision that woke Caleb's smouldering antagonism into flame. With afternoon sun was pouring in at the a sudden insone impulse the Fighter about him and recognized the ante-knelt on the edge of the bed and room leading off from the sick cham-

hands.
"Dey!" he cried, his great, rough voice echoing through the dreadful

men, you doctored. An' new you say the flereest of bis campaigns had added; my little girl's dyin'! You flithy four-hitherto been as child's play by comparison with the centest with the up a fight about goln' in to see her. The doctor picked up his black bag. Unknown. Once again he was "tak-led kind of feel as if there wasn't without replying and moved toward ing the Kingdom of Heaven by vio- any fight left in me." lence! This time literally.

dectin' her or tryin' to get away—
by the Eternal, I'll tear you in half
li was two hours later that Dr.

With my bare hands! Now go! Go

Tork specialists, arrived, Jack Ha
The doctor, his rage tempered by
the memory of the iron fingers on his

The m

"You are a dangerous manlac!" he said, somewhat unsteadily, "and you shall go to prison for this outrageous assault. For the present, I shall remain on the case, Not because of your threats, but from common humanity toward"—

"Toward yourself," finished Caleb, satisfied that be had won his point. "An' Just to make sure. I'll lock the outer door of this suite an' pocket the key. Now go back to your patient!"

Outside, there was glaring, heart-filed the specialist.

"Why, she's hardly sufferin' at physician turned from the bed, Caleb Conover stretched himself and sat up. He felt oddly weak and dent on, bullyingly, as he ad- Dr. Bond's hearded in content to the first time to be a feet to the first time to the first time to be a feet to the first time to the first time to be a feet to the first time time to the first time time time to the first time to the "Look! She"—— sat up. He felt oddly weak and de-pressed. For the first time in his and derision that woke Caleb's smoul-

ber. Vaguely at first, then more clearly, he recalled that some one-ever and ever so long ago-had shaken him by the shoulder and had repeated over and over in his ears, "She is alive!"

Then, at last, the iterated words of command that had been saying themselves through his own lips for three hours had somehow ceased, and something in his head had given way. He had jurched into the antercom, tumbled over on a sofa and had failen asleep at once from sheer exhaustion.

Weakly cursing the gross selfishness that had let him sleep like a dog while Desiree's life had hing in the balance, Conover got to his feet and made for the door of the sick room. His step was springless, clumping

(The End.)

By Charles Dickens

This classic should be read or reread by every one at the present son. So The Evening World is going to reprint it complete during

Read it for your own sake and for the sake of those whose Christ-